## NOTES FROM LONDON.

RELATING MOSTLY TO JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] LONDON, October 18.

The one thing about which most readers of Eng

lish newspapers agree is that the months of August September, and perhaps October, are the dull period of journalism; or, if you prefer, the dullest period. The popular verdict is summed up in the phrase silly season; against which Mr. Sala unavailingly protests. Even the menthly magazines are subject to this depression. The cause of it all is not far to seek Most of the leading writers on the English press, editors included, are away for their annual vacation. They are away, no doubt, because this is the time when they can best be spared from London. The political and social life of England. which from February to August had its headquarters in London, new has its hendquarters in the country. Members of Parliament seize the opportunity of addressing their constituents and the general public. To the constituents their appearance on the stump is often interesting enough. To the public it is less so. Political managers are, or ought to be, surprised at the apathy with which demonstrations organized on a great scale are received. Sir Stafford Northcote's tour through Ulster is a case in point. Sir Stafford is a man whom friends and opponents hold in regard, but I doubt whether many of either party read his speeches. The papers undertook to report them with the fulness due to the orator's position in the councils of his party. Art Exhibition; with but moderate success. This But the correspondent of a London press agency declares that they gave up the job after the Belfast speech of Saturday. A shower of telegrams, declares he, ordered the service to be discontinued at once, and the Conservative journals were as ready to abandon him as the Liberals.

It strikes one as just possible that the papers have discovered a limit to the amount of reported political speaking which their readers will read. Sir Stafford Northcote's style will bear condensing, and the number of men or women, say in a countryhouse, who will devote much time to such addresses as those in Ulster is never very large. "We don't want any more of Sir Stafford Northcote," said of Conservative journal. The expression is so brief as to be brutal, but I apprehend that the editor who sent it to his reporter in Helfast had gauged accurately enough the wishes of his readers.

The retirement of Mr. Harwood from the editorship of The Saturday evice marks a period in what can only be called the decadence of a once powerful journal. While Mr. Donglas Cook controlled the paper, it was, with all its faults of manner and temper, a brilliantly edited periodical. With Mr. Harwood's accession it lost the decision of tone and definiteness of aim which Mr. Cook imparted to it. Mr. Harwood was not a very eareful nor a very well informed editor. The paper often looked as if writers were allowed to choose their own topics, and to deal with them pretty much as they pleased, subject only to the necessity of resisting Liberalismin Church or State. The gravest subjects were discassed with incredible flippancy and with an inaccuracy and often ignerance of facts for which it is hard to find a polite adjective. Under Mr. Cook, the singular bitterness of the Saturday Kerlew and its ferocity toward the men whom it disliked were in a measure redsemed by the rhotorical vigor of its vituperation and by an obvious straightforwardness of purpose which of late has seldom been discernible. Mr. Harwood kept but a feeble hand on | however, very slowly. The Midland introduced Pullthe helm. It used to be said that half a dozen of his mans as long ago as 1874 and only now sees its way leading articles on the leading countries of Europe | to accepting them as a necessity of its own daily were written by the same man-a man very well known-in London, who took slight pains to master the rudimentary facts of the situation on which he discoursed with fluent arrogance. You that they are much wanted. The Midland and Great know-all Americans know-what consistent has tility it has displayed to America. Its unscrupulous championship of the Rebellion regult have been condoned by subsequent repentance, but it has never ceased to malign the leaders and motives of to the Pullmans. In the latter, berths may always the North, and to misrepresent the facts of the struggle. I know of no periodical in England-not one in any class, not one of those written for the least educated and least refined classes-which has descended to so low a level of vindictive personality as The Saturday has occasionally reached. Its police ical essays have not, I think, been much read in I make pretty often, and always by might, and I recent years. It is the occasional and literary papers which have kept The Saturday alive. These riage over the American. The English is far less may be that Mr. Harwood occupied binnelf so much with these as to leave his political contributors to run riot. Possibly, as has been said of the present Editor of The Times, politics do not interest him. But this is only a charitable conjecture.

Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, who succeeds to the editorial chair of The Saturday, is a younger son of Sir Frederick Pollock, who is himself son of th formerly well-known Lord Chief Baron Pollock. Sir Frederick has titles of his own to respect as translator of Dante, Queen's Remembrancer and Master in the Exchequer, and is widely known and liked in good circles. Mr. W. H. Pollock is perhaps thirty years of age, and has of late acquired reputation as a dramatic, and I believe musical, critic. He has written on the French stage, of which he has made a more careful study than is usual with English writers on the drama. It is one of the mis fortunes of literature in this metropolis that its practitioners should be more or less split into cliques or sets. There is a set known as the Savile Club set, to which Mr. W. H. Pollock is reputed to belong. If a man must belong to any set, that may be as good a one as another. He is known as a painstaking writer, and will perhaps bring to The Saturday those qualities of accuracy and conscientionsness in which it has been most deficient. Whether an elegant dilettanteism be the quality of which the paper stands most in need is another question. One would have thought a man of Mr. Alfred Austin's stamp likely to be offered the place. He is, at least, in earnest, and not only in earnest, but willing to seem so.

It is now nearly two months since Mr. John Morley retired from the editorship of The Pall Mall Gazette:-time enough for the public to form some opinion of the conduct of the paper in its present hands. The hands are understood to be the Mr. Yates Thompson, who owns it, and Mr. Stead, who was Mr. Morley's sub-editor. Mr. Stead is a journalist by profession, distinguished himself in the provinces, and was finally drawn, as so many capable men are, to London as the widest field for his talents. He is known in the profession as one of the best managing editors now at work. I use managing editor in the sense in which it is commonly used in America: as the executive officer of first lieutenant of the ship. Mr. Yntes Thompson is an able man of some experience in public life, who at one time was private secretary to Lord Spencer, and has stood unsuccessfully for one or two large constituencies. He is a political economist, trained in the modern English school, and a firm believer in the dogmas of that school. In journalism he may perhaps be described as an amateur, and he has the advantage of being free from the rather conserva tive and unenterprising traditions of the English press in general. He does not seem to be afraid of a novelty merely because it is a novelty; and if you have been reading The Pall Mall lately you must have noticed that it has undergone a certain number of changes. The second article has frequently been by a named contributor. Special correspond ence has appeared, consisting of very brief letters from various points of interest, grouped under one head. Illustrations have been given,-diagrams and maps for the most part, but aiming in one of two instances at pictorial effect. And there is a moremarked attempt to procure news, and a more conspicuous display of such news as there may hap-

All this may help to divert the attention of readers of The Pall Mall Gazette from the loss it and they have suffered by the withdrawal of Mr. John Morley. The fact remains that he is gone, and it is a paper and leave no void behind him, Mr. Mor. ley's position in journalism was perhaps unique. He tried it once, many years ago, as Editor of The istence, and failed. He tried it again in very different conditions and succeeded brilliantly. At the time of his retirement he was probably the most in-Morning Star during the last three mouths of its ex-

pen to be in the afternoon.

fluential, at least in one way, of English journalists. The circulation of The Pall Mall never appreached that of the great morning papers, but Mr Moriev was read, as nobody else was read, by journalists themselves, and so contributed at secondhand to the formation of a vast body of public opinion. His style changed. In his books it is at times over-weighted. In his paper it became direct, gaining in lucidity and force as its luxuriance was pruned away, and be ended with a manner for which hardly any praise can be too high. He disensed public questions with a freshness, a sincerity. an intellectual energy such as have but seldom gone to the writing of editorials, and it is not easy to see who is to replace him, or how The Pall Mall Gazette can maintain its authority now that he is gone. Why he went is a question which has given rise to much unprofitable gossip. He was entitled to go if he chose. If he thinks he can do more to promote his own views of public policy in the House of Commons than in the press, be has probably made a mistake, of which experience may or may not convince him. If he means to give some of his newly-gained leisure to literature, literature at least will gain what journalism loses.

The paper which is doing more than any other inglish or Scotch daily in pictorial illustration is The Dundee Advertiser. This journal, which is in other respects an excellent one, has been publishing what may be called pictures in outline, or unshaded drawings. When Cortachy Castle was hurned three views of the building were given, and I saw the other day that an attempt was made to reproduce sketches of the pictures in the Dundee Fine paper came in my way while I was staying in Scotnd. If there are others which do the same thing, I have not seen them. But there is no saying wher innovation will stop. The Times itself gave a facimile of one of the Shapira sheepskins and has once or twice indulged in semething very like a land-G. W. E. scape.

PULLMAN CARS -- WATCHES -- THEATRICAL INCIDENTS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. LONDON, Oct. 23.

One more step has been taken toward popularizing the Pollman car in England. The Midland Railway, heretofore running day cars under a contract with the Pullman company, and charging extra fares, has now bought them, and they will henceforth he considered simply first-class carriages and no extra fare will be charged. This change, we are told, is due to the competition of the London and Northwestern Railway, which has put on its line a number of twin saleon carriages; whatever they may be. I was told in Liverpool the other day that the Midland Company and the London and Northwestern Company between them were raining the Liverpool hotels. Americans, on whom these hetels appear to depend for a great part of their custom, sed to spend at least one night on landing from the steamship. But now those two milway companies, in the fiercences of their rivalry, have not only increased the number of regular expresses, but run special trains to London on the arrival of an American steamer; or, rather, of a steamer from America, since of American steamers there are none, or next to none. Certain it is that the journey from Laver pool to London is now made twice as eften as for merly, and probably cannot be much improved in point of speed or comfort,

As a day suc the Pullman is on the whole, a favorite with the English public. It became popular, traffic. The sleeping ears are less liked, nor is there any great use for them on the short lines of Euglish railways. It is only on the trains to Scotland Northern both ran them from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow and Perth. But the Great Northern has sleeping carriages of its own, and these are so convenient and comfortable that they are preferred be bad, while the former are almost always full. Nor is this altogether due to the conservations of the Briton and his liking for his own ways, or his dislike to American novelties. The travelling American may be found in the English carriage, The journey from London to Edinburgh is one that confess to a preference for the English sleeping earhave often been of a very high order of merit, and it | ingenious and complicated and cannot be turned into a day car. But it is a very good carriage in deed for a ten bours' night Journey, Another lamentation over the decay of the Eng-

> lish watch trade and the inroads of the American watches appear to-day. The Times nots down the American trade, though a creation of the last thirty years, as three times the English in amount. The English trade, it declares, has now no pretensions to occupying the home market. It is the colonies to which English manufacturers look, and whereas once they exported not 5 per cent of their wares, the proportion is now 50 per cent. Cheapness has gained the day. The Swiss and the American can beat the Englishman in price, and do. They turn out as good a watch as most people care for at a cost which puts English competition nowhere. Th American learnt the secret of organization and the use of machinery, which the English cannot or will not learn. Here things go on much as they did 100 years ago, save that the movements of a great part of the cheaper English watches are simply imported from abroad. A dozen trades contribute to the making of a single watch, carried on under different roofs by separate firms, often at a long distance from each other. In America, as you know, they have been combined, and to this combination the added advantage of machinery with and the mathematically accurate production of precisely similar parts of innumerable watches, is due the surprising fact that a single American firm now turns out annually as many watches as all the English makers together-200,000. The Swiss are said to make the enormous number of 3,500,000. France produces over half a million-90 per cent of them from Besançon. So that, if we leave Eugland behind, we are very far indeed from driving Switzerland and France out of the world's markets. as sanguine Americans not many years ago predicted we soon should. The Swiss are said to make now a million watches more annually than they did five years ago. The French business has grown tenfold within thirty years. But the English are not idle, and, on the whole, not despondent, although The Times thinks watchmaking, as a great industry, doomed. They are beginning to use machinery, and otherwise modernizing the habits of the trade. And they still pride themselves on being able to produce, if not the cheapest or the most showy, the best and most durable, timekeepers in the world. The best English watches are still sought for-even Americans are known to prefer them. "Manufacturers in Switzerland and the United States boast that they can make as good if they please. At all events," observes this author, with humor, "it does not often please them." And, putting patriotism aside, I suppose it is doubtful whether any watch is superior, on the whole, to the best of the English, if you care to pay the price de-

it even so far North as the North of Scotland-that Miss Mary Anderson had refused to be presented to the Prince of Wales. It was not a very probable The fact that the Prince of Wales has been story. out of the country ever since Miss Anderson has been playing at the Lyceum did not make it more probable, and to-day we read in all the public prints that the Prince and Princess of Wates witnessed the performance of "Ingomar" at the Lyceum on Saturday; and then, "on the fall of the curtain Miss Mary Anderson was by special desire of their Royal Highnesses presented to the Princess, who graciously gave the young actress her bwn bouquet, at the same time expressing her great admiration of Miss idle to suppose that such a writer can depart out of | Anderson's talent and cordial wishes for her success." It is reasonable to infer from this communiqué that the Prince was present at the ceremony, and that Miss Anderson was

A story was in circulation the other day-I heard

which everybody agrees in pronouncing dreary. The first critical verdict on her acting does not appear to have been much meditied. Such people as I have met who have seen Miss Anderson agree in describing her as deficient in training; on the whole, badly taught, employing a method which impairs the effect of those natural gifts and graces to which she seems indebted for her popularity. Possibly we shall hear a better account when Miss Anderson has had a chance of showing what she can do in a character worthy of a good actress's powers. But the next piece underlined for her is " The Lady of Lyons," which is not less false in its way than " Ingomar " in a different way.

Miss Anderson's photographs are to be seen in every shop window, and if anybody chooses to set up a fresh competition among the beauties of the day, this hady would doubtless stand near the head of the poll. When the artists return to town we shall hear of her being painted by more than one of them. Meantime Mr. Woolner is reported to have been greatly impressed by her statuesque grace as Parthenia, and is, if report may be trusted, preparing to reproduce this statesque grace in marble.

The sum of all the criticisms on Mrs. Burnett's and Mr. Gillette's "Young Folks' Ways" is more favorable to the actors than the authors. A weak play, faulty in motive and in construction, devoid of genuine dramatic interest, clever in parts, but aved from damantion by the efforts of the Kendals and of Mr. Hare. Such is the general tone of comment in the press and in private. Everything was done for the play in the way of mounting and dressing, but it is not thought likely to have a long

One of the daily papers seizes upon the occasion of his first night at the St. James's Theatre for an innovation. It prints a list of so-called celebrities who were present. Not all of them are celebrities, and not a few of them are celebrated, if at all, as first-nighters," if one must use the barbarons word coined not very long since. A certain number of persons in London have made it their ambition to be seen at every first performance, er even revival, of a play, or at the re-opening night of every theatre. The number is increasing, and I was told lately that each manager has a list of such candidates for disnotice considerably larger than his theatre will sold. It used to be thought the prerogative of the ociety journals to chronicle the appearances of those losser patrons of the drame. The daily papers were content to mension the presence of the royal tice, of the Prime Minister, and of the Poet Laurente.

On Mr. Eurnand's shameless burlesque of "The Tumpest," cutitled "Ariel," produced not long ince at the Galety Theatre, more deadly censure than that of irreverence or indecency is passed. It is voted dull. The voice of the masher has been raised against it, and other voices which have a more potent sound. Miss Farren does what she may with a part for which, best said with all repect, she is beginning to show too many marks of oproaching age, or middle age. If her figure scena till to prosens the alighthess and aloriness of eternal outh, not so her ince, or not so under the electric thi, or lime light, or whatever light it be that is aread removed easily upon her features. They say he has driven Miss Kate Vaughan away from the injety and into the provinces; resolved to bear no ival near the throne. Miss Vanghan's style was so ifferent from Miss Parren's that there need have can no competition between them. Whatever the usen, Miss Vanghan, where dancing was the most erfect thing of its kind over seen in London, is one, and the sole star now thining in the Gniety mamont is the same Miss Farren who, ten or lifeen geam ago, or more, showed what could be done n the stage by dint of high spirits and well-knit muscles, and a nest figure not too closely veiled from the general view. To her are committed the furtures of Mr. Burnand's duli piece. The joint exseriment of travestying Shakespears and playing sier,-known to fame, is not a brilliant success Mr John Hollingshend, defiant, to the last, advertiscs it as the thirty-seventh example of a form of intertainment which, "though said to be beneath riticient, generally provokes more criticism and wities than any other theatrical production." Perhars I should mention Miss Connie Glichrist as another co unknown performer on the Gulety stago. Actives she is not, but has a celebrity inde-

Cable dispatches from New-York bring us pretty full details of the arrival of Mr Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; including, in one paper, the sobs and which this accomplished lady is said to have two ago. greeted the reporter. I suppose I need not say that the news of Mr. Irving's first appearance in the United States is watched for here with considerable Slatenda. Magnetime his admirors and indeed the British public in general, peruse with interest every particular of the reception you give him. They even take a platonic concern in the high prices paid for seats, - in short, there is a strong hope here that the actor who is admittedly first in England will not disappoint American expectation. G. W. S.

INSECT LIFE IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE WAY ANTS CAPTURE THEIR PREY-A PATH MADE BY A PROCESSION OF ANTS.

"The last summer has been especially favorable to insect life. Plant parasites have thriven in the most unexpected places. Trees were infested with an extraordinary number of exterpidars. Wherever there was a mustard plant little green lice could be found in numers that could not be reckened. Even in Central Park, where care is taken of the trees, an unusual collection of parasites was found only a short time ago. While these orns of life are disagreeable to the majority of persons, there are some little creatures to be found in the Park on oright days even at this late time of the year which are capable of interesting any one who has the use of his

The speaker, standing at the edge of a walk in the Park. was gazing intentiy, while he talked, at a brown spot of earth where the grass had failed to take root. The person spaken to, not having the use of his eyes in the sense meant by the naturalist, saw nothing except an unsightly ours place which should have been green. " You don't see what it is that attracted my attention, I

aspect," added the naturalist.
"No," answered the other, "I haven't put my mind to it yet, but if you are studying the methods of top-dressing

pursued in the Park, I think there are places more favora ble than this." "Nothing of the kind; I was merely watching that ant running about with a burden as large as

itself." It took some little time to g the untrained pair of eyes to bear on the little walker. When found, he was een to have firmly grasped in his nippers the body of a small green fly, numbers of whose relatives were jumping

and flying in the neighboring grass. "The ants must consider these flies a delicacy. I should not like to give an estimate of the number of ants I have seen here at different times, each carrying a fly watch it had captured and killed. They are cumning hunters, and will lie in wait there in the grass for a long time in order to secure their game. Sooner or later a fly is seen to alight where he can be pounced upon, and then short work is made of him. But I have caused trouble for this ant myself. I suspected that its nost was somewhere under the leaves at the edge of the walk, and I took them all away, one by one. He was then going over the ground rapidly and with apparent certainty as to his destination. But since the leaves were removed he has been wander. ing aimlessly about, as if he had quite lost his way. That is an important matter with this little chap, because he belongs to a tribe that move in bedies and processions. They are not in the habit of wandering far from the main

trail. "You don't mean to say that ante actually make a

path !" "Of course they do. It was a long time, however, be fore the time came when I could see the path itself. I only inferred that there was a path from the bewilderment shown by individuals got a few inches away from the line. They got a few inches away from the line. They wandered back and forth exactly as a woodsman would do who had lost the path tarough a forest. They would not go far either forward or backward until they found the accustomed walk. One afternoon when the walks were damp from a ran in the marning, it was saintering in the Park and found one of these ant processions. The fine had been formed along the edge of a smooth, hard bedied walk, and the ants were easily observed coming and going. The object of all the movement was some candy that had been thrown down just beside the walk. The ants had probably been at work for bours. When I stooped down and looked closely I could see a faint mark, perhaps half an inch wide. My inference is that the path which I could see ernig by reason of the rain, was obvious to the ante at all times.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

Twenty five years or more ago I saw and heard Mr. Leon Abbett, now Democratic candidate for Governor of New-Jersey, address a debating society in Philadelphia on a public might. He was announced as a predigy who would make a speech immediately on any subject proposed by the audience. Some members of the rival debating societies, more jealous than fraternal, proposed the word "cosmogony," an unfair thing, because ke had not promised to define every hard word. But it was said that young Abbett's wits were all ready and he had a dietionary concealed, out of which came the missing meaning: science of the universe. He spoke glibly but left the impression on my mind that he would as well be prompt as right. He was the son of a milliner in that city who brought up a bright family of boys, hands well-behaved and rather precocious.

A libel suit between seconds is not only many steps above the level but it shows the public that an advance in refinement is no abstement of professional exasperation; that as Calvin burnt Servetus for disputing so well with him, and as the Earl of Cork punished the Earl of Strafford for high treason for degrading his family mon-ument in St. Patrick's Cathedral, so men who know Agaemnon's finger rings can foam at the mouth and rush

I talked several years ago with Barry Sullivan about rising Mr. Henry Irving I had beard of, and the former said, with labored patronage: "Oh, I guess a more me-lodramatic actor. Something new in me-lodrama."

The play of " Charles I." by Mr. Wills ceemed to me hiefly interesting as blowing three current facts; how much an Englishman can make out of any king, how fittle he can know about his own country's history, and how much he still hates the Scotch. The terrible resctions every now and then in favor of Cromwell are nerely the fruit of such plays as this, which have no excuse in any cylis of modern society and do not represent the views of Englishmen of race and breeding, but the rushing love of divine right and of somebody higher in om of Cook's excursion people and the successful

Mrs. Anna H. Southworth, widow of the late City Treasurer of Philadelphia who died last winter at Monte Carlo and is buried at Nice, is at the Hotel St. Mare with er husband's interesting daughter. She was one of the est writers in the country before her marriage.

A man who does not go shooning with the ladies some imes will know less than half of New-York. There is nore animation, beauty and resilty in a big retail store han in all the city theatres. The hundred nimble clerks of: like yesterday's widows and orphans or to-morrow's brides. The actual widows that come in surpass any nuns in the world for healthy partiy. The queer old up, remind one of how money will fly when people are cadstoned. Sweet abildhood looking over the dyes of dress and ornament brightens, to the surprises. Poverty comes in and feels as welcome as the rest, making its frugal outlay. How many a backelor looking at the scenes sees biles he might confer and receive, walting to

It is getting to be a joke to mark how every Englishman ith one idea or more sets sull for America with a lecture in his pocket to correct a certain bias that he sees is going about two hundred years old in England. It began with constitution made on the philosophic plan, and he wrote t all out, and people in the Carellinas tried to live by it. a learned was it. Then Eishop Berkeley set sail for this entry to mould Rhode Island and the whole continent ato the proper form. He left one poem which is still end, lost all his money, and went back home with his and apparatus were broken up by the Birmingham meb, spied at least one land to be saved which he saw had in njurious bias, and he came out to the banks of the Susmehanna and his son-in-law, Dr. Copper, Introduced ree trade on this spile before there was any such notion on the other. George Stephenson arrived in course of time to demonstrate that suspension bridges would never carry trains of ears, so be rode on one on a train across Mentreal. Oscar Wible naturally came along with his lecture in time, having observed an injurious bias which he thought a sunflower might correct. This young prig would have turned the whole missionary spirit into a arce, but when he got back home it was observed that he continued to draw over there, having discovered course they are coming over still, good-natured men, few cretestations of loneliness and homesickness with of whom knew what they are talking about a year or

> Some time ago I met a young Scotchman on good terms with himself, at the Metropolitan Hotel, who had been out to the mines trying to make some money, and he re marked to me in a few minutes that he had made a discevery, viz., that the race was to be regenerated from the English and not from the American side of the water aid I: "Which side are you going to stay on t" "Oh, said he, "don't turn it off that way. This enormous proper development." Said I: "Suppose we had no wealth, when should we see you again ?" In short the very thing that our friends admire, which is success, fills them with melancholy when they have seen it. During core throwing themselves into hysteries because their overnment did not do something to correct us. heery among a good many well-bred. Englishmen is that their Government must go out every morning before breakfast and restrain some tendency among some other people to be something different from those at home.

Mr. William Conner, the business partner of John McCuffough, the tragedian, when asked during the week what was the opinion among the profession about Mr. Irving, said: "The general opinion is that if his was something else and he did that kind of acting here it would not be tolerated." Said I: "Is that really the view of most of the actors you have seen !" "Almost all," said Mr. Conner. "The stage has taken that posttion that old melodramatic posturing and exciting horror eight not to be revived. Such a walk, for example, as Irving's, is unnatural and ungraceful. We have een a long time trying to teach men and women to walk drut such as might have done in the days of the Bowery frama. Booth can play all around Irving," said Mr Conner, " and as far as this kind of acting is concerned e is not a circumstance, from what I can hear, to the are J. W. Wallack, who played 'The Bells,' 'Louis XI. and all that class of parts, as they probably will never played again." Said I: "Will Irving "draw !" " Yes. I think he will. Everything foreign is drawing on this on the stage will bring him an audience where so many of our own people go to the stage for criticism instead for enjoyment.

Work is being hurried on the basement of the new tele raph building at the corner of Twenty-third st, and Pifth-ave., in order to give humane accommodations to he force which is now crowded into a little room in Broadway which is as full as an omnibus. It is said that he rent of the new corner is \$25,000 a year, and the elegant residence there was taken down to put up a new office bailding. The basement will be thrown open for work before the rest of the house is fluished. At this office go in many of the long dispatches to the Western ress, some of which are 4,000 to 6,000 words every day. Pneumatic tubes will connect this office with the main selegraph building.

I see that the pretty French opera-house in Twentyhird-st., which has much statuary and ornamentation in its stone front, is acarly finished. Strange that a mag-nificent theatre like Booth's should come down and alnost in the same spot another place of amusement be

I was talking with a formerly prominent man in Tamany Hall yesterday about the pending election. Said "It costs \$200,000 for election expenses of either party in this city. This year Tammany has assessed the andidates for Supreme Court Judge \$15,000 apiece, and the other organizations have assessed them \$10,000, for his nomination. The assessment for Register was \$45,000, I am told, from Tammany alone. Ten dellars s the expense of handling the tickets for one political party in each of the nearly 700 election districts. What do you expect," I asked, " to be the result in New-York City P "On the legislative ticket the Democrats will lose three Senators. I anticipate that for Eegister O'Brien will get 12,000 votes, Hess 50,000, and Reilly, the Tammany candidate, will get 90,000 to 100,000 votes." Said I: "Does Reilly keep a saloon, like his brother the ex-Sheriff P "I believe he does, but I think he does not give it much of his "personal attention." "They say it "What is John Kelly's next expectation V" "They say it wild beasts in this city. But alas! another Governor is

is to be Postmaster-General at Washington, where his wife came from." "Has Kelly real ability ?" "He has executive ability, is not a good judge of men, and forms his ideas from the multitude of volunteer advisors around him. He is, however, a natural leader of men and can both placate and command."

Mr. Levy, the corn entter, has been telling me about the beginning of his delicate art, which is now practiced so generally. He thought that the earliest modern shiropodist was a German who had practiced on the Queen f England's corns about 1845; nevertheless I see that Westervell on upper Broadway announces that he began in 1840. Zachari started here before the war and obtained celebrity by cutting Mr. Lincoln's corns. Another generation has come up paying special attention to the study of the feet and reading all that can be afforded on the subject. One of the best known chiropodists here began, it is said, doctoring the hoofs of horses and he observed in time that men needed quite as much repair of the feet. There are several women in this business, and of late years its profits have been much ex tended by manicure, which brings dollars in place of dimes. Women are often in love with their own hands, and I have known cases where a lady has had her hand modelled and carved by a sculptor and kept on her centre-table. Few men, however, think fingers are improved in appearance by being sharpened and whitened like the talons of a hawk. It is, however, a pleasant, listless way of spending an hour or two every day, to go to the manieure.

Miss Carrie D. Townsend, the daughter of John D. Fownsend, counsellor, is to be married on November 12, to Frank Preston Fremont, youngest son of General John C. Fremont, and grandson of "Old Bullion." A reception will be given to about 1,500 persons after the wedding. The groom is an Army officer.

Mr. Stephen Trowbridge, who has been paymoster on the Ohio Central Railroad for a long time past, has been in the city during the week, visiting his sister, Mrs. Martin, whose father-in-law, of Breeklyn, is by some said to be the chief backer of the Seney syndicate. Mr. Trowbridge says that the Ohio Central Road is doing a good business and is profitable everywhere except on the river division, which is costly and not yet in full operation toward the West Virginia coal field.

The potent medicine business in this country does not go around defacing mountains as formerly, though in some quarters it has been buying up all the barns and painting them from the ridge pole to the cow stalls in huge letters. A farmer who allows his land to be defaced in this way is a hundred years behind cultivation, not to say self-respect. Mr. George W. Elliott, formerly an editor on The Rochester Democrat, told me last week that the house of Warner, with which he is connected, cells two and a half million dollars' worth of a liver and kidney specific yearly. General Packard, Consul at Liverpool, considers that he was cured of Bright's dis-

Seeing Washington McLean here during the week, I inquired about Presidential possibilities. He thought that Tilden would be renominated. Said he: "There are a good many thousand Republicans, in my judgment, who want to vote for the old man from conscientious apprehensions about having left him out before, think," said Mr. McLean, "that Tilden is one of the best informed chiefs the Democratic party has had since the days of Madison. His brief career was strong in ideas, in combinations and in reforms. Had he been seated in his hand, and the choice wider than in a king's false 1877 there would have been a very agreeable transforcourt. Woman at the shop is woman only one floor be- mation in our unjudices and society. As far as Hayes is concerned," said Mr. McLean, "I never blamed him personally for taking the seat that I think was Tilden's, ecomise his party would have form him all to pieces if he had hesitated. They would have secused him, no doubt, of having sold out his rights to the office for a sum of money, and would have kept it up until history would have been mystified on it. I knew Hayes," said Mr. McLean, "twenty-seven years ago. He is one of the inchiest men who ever lived. Without having any especial genius his aims were always respectable, and such luck I never saw. He beat almost everybody in our State, Alien and Thurman and Pendleton, knocking them all over, and he got the Presidency too Mrs. Warren in Cincinnati who knew him from the time he came there, and she predicted six or seven years ago, before he was elected, that he would be Bresident of the United States in 1876, the Centennial year. After Stanley Matthews was confirmed," said Mr. McLean, " which I assisted to do because he had been my friend and counellor for many years, Mr. Hayes wrote me a letter, as handsome a thing as I ever received. He is a man of good sensibilities and, take it all in all, he conducted himself in that office modestly and well."

> Salt Lake City is no small factor in advancing civilizaion, notwithstanding its queer religion. As Denver, by the vigor of its people, grew into such proportions that the Burlington Ballroad could afford to extend out to it and challenge the former monopoly, so Salt Lake became important enough to draw to it a railroad from Deaver, and now the Salt Lake people themselves are trying to mons comes from their sincerity. While we do not beieve any of their revelation, most of the Mormons beleve it as implicitly as an old Calvirist believes his Vestminster catechism. George Q. Cannon, for examole is as onre a man inside of the polygamus relation. and as fanatical as old Joab in the days of King Dayi!. He knows no other faith, having been brought up in this from childhood.

The Mormon tradition was a daring one and well idented to seize upon the superstitions of a ploneer race. It followed the historians and archæolorists into America and attempted to solve the problem of a former race planted here by Divine guidance and then obliterated for its sins, by the American Indians, yet leaving its sacred records to be rescued in some purer time by a prophet's hand and lead anew the original dispensation to empire Something of the character of the Dead Sea and the Jordan and of the sacred mountains ites around those people and they have applied oid Bible names to their new localities. Down their streets sparkle the ice-cold waters from the snowy mountain-sides, and they draw their drinking waters from an upland lake by an easy aqueduct. While a stern theocracy, they promote the dance and the theatre. Believing that th vorld is growing averse to marriage and 'to the propagation of large families, they extend the opposite absurdty of plural wives and families everywhere

The Marmons have passed through all lifteds of tribuations; they made their original home where the James boys have since disported, and lost that beautiful domain which has ever since been blasted by barbarism and ferocity. Then they made another city on the Upper Mississippi, and built homes and grew into such prominence that their prophet solemnly announced bin a candidate for President of the United States. Next their famished women tarried a winter or two near the ite of Omaha. During the Mexican war they were so unemployed that the men went into the American nd formed the Mormon legion. Next they found the vale is which they have pitched their institutions and have expanded to the proportions of a State. But for their religion they would have been a State before the present time, perhaps before Colorado was. The late elegate Hooper, who was a Mormon, though not a polygamist, once told me that his only hope was in the diffusion of fashion and extravagance to break up polyg-"But," said he, "it is a wonderful institution t amy. paget young men's minds. Those young feilows have hardly got wives and babies before they are on the look-out for other wives, and the women seem no more averse

Josephine Yorke, Mapleson's new contralto, was one of the daughters of a prosperous Cinefinati business man who gave so much time and money to collecting paintings that on his death they were found to be the chief support of his family, and their purchaser, a corporation. agreed to educate the children. Josephine Jones resolved to support her sisters by taking her education in music. She has been a steady favorite in London for years, is a kind-bearted, candid woman, and sings with all her conscience and a voice like a ripe pippin saved for

Robert B. Roosevelt, an upright man in opposition but rather weak in the majority, proclaimed at Buffalo that no good would come of admitting Tammany Hall or confirming her primary system. Said he to me there: " This Mr. Grady did not report against the Governor's emigrant nomination. He meanly smothered it in his committee." Now the battle turns on Grady. The Governor writes a private letter. Private letters are only safe among a few races. Cleveland will not be President but he is no sneak.

R P. Flower, with his bank full of work, did incline to politics heartily. He sniffed the present Vinegar Hill war even at Boffslo. He saw what Mr. Seward never grasped, that "New-York cannot remain Democratic, half Ribernian and half Puritan."

Edward Cooper said to me the only moment I ever

slaughtered to the Irish Bon. The Puritan Democra will stay home in 1884.

A business man tells me the following: Mr. Edwin Booth was sitting in the theatre-box, presumably at Mr. Irving's first performance. Enter to bim and trie d a young man with no nervous system, either office boy or editor, or both, and sayeth: "Mr. Boxth, I believe ! Here is a cable dispatch from Mr. Bennett requestin' av you to immadyately take off yer jacket an' write the first notice av Mr. Arvin's playin' for the mornin's Hirild." With suppressed feeling, my informant hears, Mr. Booth took his sent after he had declined. He probably observed the inscussibility which could put him in such false relations to another artist by declining or accepting. For some time the insuit, it is said, was to be seen on his visage. This matter being talked over among some gentlemen, one said: " If he had 'entered our service,' as they would have afterward called it, he would soon have been requested to report a prize-fight and in the course of a little while would have been advertised as 'one of our discharged Bohemi-

Why could not a private water company do well in New York, with water clerks stealing and new aquo-ducts to be manipulated by candidates for the penitentiary, and hardly any water service above the ground floors ! Here is the sea to make clear water from.

Right-minded people will steer clear of partisanship between opera managers. It is vulgar to be picking up the quarrels of men who professionally quarrel. Effielency is to be found in the maintenance of competition. We are too justly criticised for letting an old favorite go and for sacrificing principle to fashion. The muse is all the better that we are indifferent to the buckster in it.

Here we are to vote next Tuesday for a clerk to keep our real estate records whose fees, not to say stealings, will be the salary of the President of the United States and all his Cabinet. Turn the rascals out!

Has any reform ever happened to Democratic New-York City that was not administered by the penitentiary and the impeachment court and the District-Attorney Here it is, the same eternal stumbling-block in the way of the State, in the way of the Nation, in the way of selfgovernment and heaven-on-earth. Again the Democratic party will have to go.

To Grover Cleveland: " Put none but Americans on guard to-night and see that I am not allowed to have postage stamps in my sleep?"

Is the employment of electricity, Mr. Edison, of any nfluence on man or weather ! Hitherto it was knocked about and ran wild, you know. Since it has been subtracted, so to speak, from the circumambient, are we to use our dumb-bells more ! There is, I may suggest, a good deal of paralysis around.

ust got up from the bed of death, and says to you coulldentially, as if barely able to articuate: "Fin sick; can't you help me!" I have met him in three parts of the He belongs to the London race of professionals called " shallow coves." Also look out, when you send a suit of elothes to be

Beware of the ghastly-faced man, who looks as if he had

renovated, that you make an agreement, otherwise district messenger boy will bring you the bill and clothes together, and with him you cannot reason, as his orders are to bring back the whole bill or the purcel. This swindling practice is almost new. The polite habit of omnibuses gerting between a street-

omnibus to the police station. Said the weary baseball editor who had once been the storm signal prophet and later on washed the front office windows and posted up the extree bulletins: "Some day, I hope, they will shake me up to superintend the newsstands or divide the smallpox fund among the actount

sufferers, and then I will retire wealthy."

car and passengers waiting for it and keeping between, calls for some of Inspector Walling's police to drive the

When a four-cent old man comes down to a two-cent standard he turns up his breeches, walks up the Bowery, dops an astonished gentleman to ask bim for a light to a cabbage eigar, and interviews Mrs. Jesse James at the dime museum. Says he: "I'm a Western Jourentist and den't you fergit it!"

GONE INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON OF BARNUM'S SHOW-A CIRCUS GLERET.

A pelican with outstretched, motionless wings, stood watching an adjutant on the opposite side of the yard. An elephant, with head placed against the buffer of a sleeping car, was pushing it along the siding toward the long, low building in which the roiling stock of Barnuno's London Circus and Sanger's Royal Menagerie is stored during the winter monhts. A dozen "a build to San Francisco. Much of the vigor of the Morhad stripped the greater portion of the brilliant paints with which they were decorated last spring, were drawn up just beyond the gates of the enclosure. Hege trucks luden with boxes and teut-furniture were being driven up to the doors of a large storehouse, when they were

quickly unloaded by a score of bronzed laborers. Said air. Hutchinson, one of the proprietors of the show: "The last performance was given at Hannibal, Missouri, on October 13. It has taken us a whole week to get back to Bridgeport, and here we are, our show opened its senson at Madison Square Garden on March 26. Since then we have travelled 9,000 miles and have give over 300 performances. The largest receipts for a single day were \$17,187 25 at Philadelphia, and the milest \$3,892 85, at Big Rapids, Michigan. The profits for the season were about \$700,000. We met with few accidents in our long journey. A careless and foolhardy spectator was killed by an elephant at Chicago, and several performers fell from their horses and received injur ies during the summer. Except for these mishaps, we were specially fortunate. The run between exhibition times was 319 miles, and the shortest five miles. The most exciting scene of the season was occasioned by the burning of our tent at Chicago. The animals became furious and leaped against the bars of their cages. The elephants trumpeted

and tugged at their chains, but did not get loose." "Have you been much troubled with 'bummers' this

"About as much as usual," replied Mr. Hutchinson, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his eigar. "All sorts of tricks are practised by people who desire sorts of tricks are practised by people who desire
to get into the show for nothing. One of the
common methods employed is this: A man comes to me
and represents himself as a member of some dramatic
troupe. He desires to know if we recognize members of
the profession. If I reply that we do, he of course
makes a request for passes. When asked for his credentials he is unable to produce them, and is abliged to go
away discomfited. I remember on one occasion a weldressed gentleman approached me near the theket-wagen
and sold.

Do you recognize the members of the Grace Cartland Combination?

"Certainly, I replied. 'Will you guarantee their good behavior while inside the canvas?"

"Oh, yes,' said the man, his face lighting up with an expectant look.

"Certainly, I replied. "Will you guarantee their good behavior while inside the canvas?"

"Oh, yes,' said the man, his face lighting up with an expectant look.

"Very well, just step right up to the ticket-wagon and buy all the passes you went at 50 cents apiece."

"The man looked as though a mule had kicked him us he turned sadiy away and left the grounds."

"Is the general impression that gynnhasts and equestrians are short-lived and improvident, a correct one !" asked the reporter.

"No," responded Mr. Hutchinson, glaneing out of the window of his office at a favorite trick-horse which was being led toward the stables. "I know a large number of circus performers who have lived to an advanced age. Of course, as a rule they do not follow the business after they reach the age of forty. The physical training which they are obliged to maintain while on the road is not wholly given up at the end of the season, as some have simposed. It wouldn't do. Some of them drink and go on sprees when not engaged with a troupe, but they can't keep it up long. None of our employes are allowed to use liquors of any kind. The performers know that for one oftense of this kind they will be discharged and hence are very carriful not to break the rules. I will admit that many of our metuare improvident, but I think they are no more so than men in other professions. Some of them only in this state to the value of thomsands of dollars. Maggic Chifre, one of the most peptian of our female met sin the city."

Mr. Hutchinson took the reporter threuch the long buildings which form the winter handquarters of the "Greatest Show on Earth." After visions the elephant-nouse, in which Jumbo and his companious were busided engaged in consuming their mid-day used of hay and grain, and after inspecting the training stable and its edulations on pointing to a singular looking arrangement. The mean who possessed the secret by which toru business have swung to and fro over the heads of a hundred and liquous hinds on one cise could discover now it was r